

# THE FLYLEAF

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### **FRIENDS OF THE FONDREN LIBRARY**

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*The following text comes from a lecture presented to the Friends of the Fondren Library on September 28, 1977. The occasion was the opening of a special traveling exhibit planned by Carl Hertzog at the University of Texas at El Paso and built by the Institute of Texan Cultures in San Antonio.*

Aldus in the Desert: Reflections on a Texas Printer and His Book  
by AL LOWMAN  
(Research Associate, Institute of Texan Cultures, San Antonio)

His name was Aldus. Aldus Manutius. He was acclaimed as the greatest scholar and printer of his age. He was a tutor to princes who assisted him financially when he established a print shop at Venice in 1495. Here he published the classics in Greek and Latin. Capable scholars performed editorial chores and then followed him home where Greek, incidentally, was the language of the household.

Immediately upon entering the printing business he launched two highly significant projects. The first was his monumental five-volume collection of Aristotle completed three years later; the other was a small quarto of only sixty pages, *De Aetna*, a dialogue written by Pietro Bembo, later Cardinal. The typeface for this book was designed and cut by a craftsman named Griffo, who actually cut all of the Aldine fonts. The letter design in *De Aetna* can be considered the first modern typeface. Today it is called Bembo and continues in use.

In 1499 Aldus, again assisted by Griffo, completed the *Hypnerotomachia Poliphili*, characterized by Joseph Blumenthal as "a book of serene grace and charm." It remains one of the world's most beautifully illustrated volumes. Such books as these were expensive; there was popular demand for smaller, less costly versions. In 1501 Aldus and Griffo met that demand with a remarkably innovative edition of Virgil. Griffo created a compact, cursive type that permitted many more words on a smaller page. The new face was called italic. And it was used in a format that was equally new—a pocketbook. It was a publishing revolution because this first of the Aldine octavo editions was the forerunner of cheap editions such as the Modern Library series and even the

perback. Again it was Aldus who conceived of using footnotes to make clear any vagueness of the text.

Interestingly enough he also invented the printer's devil. He employed a small, black slave whom the ignorant and superstitious believed to be an emissary of Satan. To dispel such notions Aldus brought the boy to church, where he declared: "I, Aldus Manutius, make exposure of the printer's devil. All who think that he is not flesh and blood, come and pinch him!" When Aldus died in 1515 Italy lost ground as a dynamic force in printing history. Its role was yielded to French typographers, notably at Paris and Lyons.

By the turn of the sixteenth century sixty presses were operating in Paris and another forty in Lyons—all of them indebted to the work of Aldus. The Parisians were led by the Estienne family, the patriarch being Henri, a nobleman who became a printer. In 1500 printing was considered a noble art. Henri passed the torch to his son Robert, as valued for his scholarship as for his printing skills. About 1550 he issued a sumptuous edition of the New Testament, but because he attempted improvements in terminology, the theologians ran him out of France, to Geneva. And the light of Robert's son, Henri II, burned with equal brilliance. Had this branch of the Estienne family remained in France, there is a fair chance that they might have simply burned out. In those days writers, printers, and booksellers who ran afoul of civil or ecclesiastical authority were sent to the stake. The flames were kindled by their own books.

At Lyons the work of Sebastian Gryphius rivalled that of Aldus and the Estiennes. And in his shop he trained an apprentice named Jean de Tournes, who established his own press in 1542. De Tournes was innovative in several ways. He realized that grandeur was not necessarily a matter of size. He created beauty within a smaller framework, decorating his pages with printers' flowers and arabesques, but always with restraint and taste. These devices were created for him by a Lyons artist named Bernard Saloman who also produced marvelous woodcut illustrations for his patron. De Tournes also benefitted immeasurably from the presence in Lyons of Robert Granjon, the great typeface designer whose work is still represented in the catalogue. In essence, then, these early printers, Aldus and his French disciples, were at one and the same time great scholars and superb artisans.

France's golden age ended. With notable exceptions the printing arts entered a three hundred year decline that reached its nadir at the height of the Industrial Revolution. The recovery of bookmaking from this deteriorated condition was heralded by William Morris—a romantic who reacted against the soullessness of this revolution and the debase-ment of workmanship. Trained as an architect, he became a professional designer. To him beauty was the visible expression of man's pleasure in labor. At the peak of his career he influenced all of the decorative arts of the Victorian Age—including furniture, tapestries,

wallpaper, carpets, stained glass, and metalwork. The study of medieval manuscripts had already led him to notable accomplishment as calligrapher and illuminator when, with typographer Emery Walker as consultant, he established the Kelmscott Press in 1891.

Morris was now fifty-seven and embarked on the last great adventure of his remarkable life. In his remaining six years he was responsible for fifty-two titles. His monument, of course, is the Kelmscott Chaucer. But his finest role was as mentor to other gifted young artisans who now formed the nucleus of the private press movement. Foremost among these were C. H. St. John Hornby whose Ashendene Press won particular praise for its folio edition of Dante and T. J. Cobden Sanderson whose Doves Press is best known for its five-volume Bible. The opening page of that great work is believed by some to be the most perfect typographical arrangement ever conceived in the mind of man.

Morris and friends found a responsive and sometimes influential audience for their artistry. George Bernard Shaw was in their corner. Shaw was so concerned about proper typesetting for his own work that he found himself, like Morris, "playing tricks with my text solely to avoid ending a paragraph with a short line." Shaw liked rich, black letterpress without white rivers running through it. When William Dana Orcutt typeset the American edition of *Man and Superman* in 1903, Shaw wrote to Orcutt:

The book, as you have produced it, is a perfectly shocking piece of printing—almost as bad as the work of the Roycroft Shop, which is the worst in the world. Don't be angry; just turn to p. 130. Look at the last ten lines. I have marked the blemishes. The enormous quads at the end of each sentence are bad enough; but when it comes to allowing two of these gaps to occur at the same point in two successive lines, it amounts to a misdemeanor. Now your compositor has actually put four of these gaps in a straight line down the page. Four! He ought to be boiled!

If you look at one of the books printed by William Morris, the greatest printer of the XIX century, and one of the greatest printers of all the centuries, you will see that he occasionally puts in a little leaf ornament. . . . Morris does not do this in his own books; he rewrites the sentence so as to make it justify without bringing a gap underneath another in the line above. But in printing other people's books, which he had no right to alter, he sometimes found it impossible to avoid this. Then, sooner than spoil the rich, even color of his block of letterpress by a big, white hole, he filled it up with a leaf (ornament).

Now that is 99A of the secret of good printing. Don't have

patches of white or trickling rivers of it trailing down the page like raindrops on a window. Leads and quads and displays of different kinds of type should be reserved for insurance prospectuses and advertisements of lost dogs. . . .

Now for the minor points. Your margins are very far from being those of the Mazarin Bible. Your top margin is a full inch—*much* too wide . . . and the lower only  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ". The difference is only enough to make them look equal. Try  $\frac{1}{2}$ " for the top margin. The inner margins are monstrous— $\frac{3}{4}$ " each, making a Broadway of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " down the middle of the book, so that it looks like two tombstones side by side. The rule here is simple: the book, when open, should look as if there were no division at all. . . .

Then, after two more paragraphs of detailed criticism, Shaw concluded:

That, I think, is all. Do not dismiss it as not being important "business": I assure you I have a book (the Kelmscott Chaucer) which Morris gave me—a single copy—by selling which I could cover the whole cost of typesetting the "Superman"; and its value is due *solely* to its having been manufactured in the way I advocate. . . . There is no reason why you should not make yourself famous through all the ages by turning out editions of standard works on these lines whilst the Roycroft people are exhausting themselves in dirty felt end papers, sham Kelmscott capitals, leaf ornaments in quad sauce, and then wondering why nobody in Europe will pay twopence for a Roycroft book, whilst Kelmscott books and the Doves Press books of Morris's friends (Emery) Walker and Cobden Sanderson fetch fancy prices before the ink is thoroughly dry.

Morris's ideas spread to the Continent and to America. On this side of the Atlantic designers like Thomas B. Mosher, Will Bradley, Daniel Berkeley Updike, Bruce Rogers and Carl Purington Rollins seized the challenge. While working at the Riverside Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Bruce Rogers broke new ground in that each of his books began to be separately and differently planned and designed. In contrast with the fixed house style of most publishing firms, Rogers abandoned the idea of a standard format. He found inspiration in the great work of Aldus Manutius and his successors in France, but reverence for tradition did not prevent his developing a style of his own. As designer of both books and typefaces, Rogers stands as the most prominent figure of his age. The culmination of his life's work may be seen in the magisterial Oxford Lecturn Bible of 1935.

Work of Rogers and his confreres, their precepts and practices,



filtered slowly into the Southwest. The first Texas printer to exercise restraint, subtlety, and taste in typography was Edwin B. Hill, who lived in sun-scorched Ysleta a few miles downriver from El Paso. Not the heart of the western desert may seem an unlikely place for the printing arts to take root. But the late Joseph Wood Krutch may have explained this paradox when he wrote:

Nothing, not even the sea, has seemed to affect men more profoundly than the desert, or seemed to incline them so powerfully toward great thoughts, perhaps because the desert itself seems to brood and encourage brooding. To the Hebrews the desert spoke of God, and one of the most powerful of all religions was born. To the Arab it spoke of the stars, and astronomy came into being.

Whatever spell the desert may weave, some remarkably creative people have found inspiration in this harsh and spacious corner of Texas—among them Edwin Hill, an unassuming man whose neighbors scarcely suspected the depth of his scholarship or his mastery of the handpress. His fascination with printing originated in his Michigan boyhood and was intensified during a seventeen-year career at Detroit newspapers. In 1900 Hill suffered a physical collapse which ultimately led him to seek a more healthful climate.

In 1908 he and his wife relocated to Mesa in Arizona Territory where he worked as a water master on the Reclamation Bureau's Salt River project. For relaxation he handprinted, on an Excelsior press, a steady stream of pamphlets, folders, and leaflets devoted to the writings of Henry David Thoreau, Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Lamb, Algernon Swinburne. In 1918 he was transferred to the Bureau's El Paso office but made his home at Ysleta. Ten years later he went to work for the local water district, retiring there in 1945.

Quietly Hill pursued his literary and printing activities. In addition to English and American poets, he began taking an interest in distinctly southwestern topics. Several of these pamphlets were written by his daughter, Gertrude Hill Muir, later a distinguished librarian in New Mexico and Arizona. During this time Hill adopted a cowboy hat as his printer's mark. On his retirement in 1945 he returned to Arizona where he pursued his hobby until his death four years later.

Edwin Hill's extremely small editions—usually ten to fifty copies—had no discernible impact on typography in the Southwest and went unheralded in his lifetime, but his output deserves far greater appreciation. The man was a hobby printer and his output must be judged in that light. His attractive but unpretentious printings are restrained and tastefully executed. Caslon was about the only typeface available to him, thus he relied on ingenuity to achieve variety. He used inexpensive papers, again probably the best that were locally obtainable.



king was sometimes uneven—perhaps due to a bad set of rollers. In  
ref his taste was superior to his means. But his was an honest effort  
and a remarkable one for a man on his own in a remote part of the  
country.

If Hill had minimal impact on Texas printing, then it remained for  
another El Paso man to establish the border city's reputation in this  
field. Carl Hertzog was born February 8, 1902, in Lyons, France, where  
his American-born parents lived while the father studied the violin and  
played concert tours. Here, in Lyons, roamed the ghosts of Gryphius,  
Tournes, and Granjon. No more auspicious a birthplace for a  
printer could be imagined, and how wonderfully fitting it would be  
could one only say that Hertzog grew up in, and was influenced by,  
his environment. Such was not the case.

When Carl was two the elder Hertzog joined the faculty at the  
University of New Mexico, giving the lad an early introduction to the  
Southwest. But the father was tuberculous, and the dry air worked no  
miracles. The family returned to their native Ohio where the father  
died. Carl grew up in Pittsburgh, where he learned his trade and came  
under the influence of Porter Garnett who was doing wonderful things  
and inspiring a whole generation of young printers at his Laboratory  
Press on the Carnegie Tech campus. Hertzog arrived at El Paso in 1923  
to work for the W. S. McMath Company.

At the time of Hertzog's arrival, Texas books generally showed no  
style in typography, no knowledge of spacing and proportion, and  
were poorly printed on cheap paper. The sheets were then clapped  
haphazardly into bindings of whatever material happened to be lying  
at hand. Harmony between content and makeup was seldom consid-  
ered. Only when his work is compared with this kind of standard can  
one appreciate the enormity of Hertzog's contribution to Texas and  
Southwestern printing. He believes like Bruce Rogers, that "a beautiful  
book should first be an efficient instrument; it should be legible and  
easy to read. It may at the same time be a work of art, with a beauty  
and personality of its own."

In 1967 Hertzog gave a lucid explanation of a book designer's work  
in a letter to his friend, James Rogers of Waco:

I am called a Book Designer, period. This implies that I draw  
up plans and specifications, and that is all I have to do.  
"Typographer" might imply that I set the type or work with  
the proofs, but still, it does not convey the idea of constant  
supervision and worry over quality. Like a good architect who  
checks up on the builders, the good book designer will follow  
through and "engineer" the project to completion.

Careful architect that he is, Hertzog selects the size and shape of the  
book, paper color and texture, style of type, and a binding so that all

the elements will make a harmonious package suited to the subject matter.

Then he gives personal attention to all kinds of minute details which escape most eyes. He spends countless hours working over the type to avoid bad spacing between letters, and bad breaks at the ends of lines and pages. The fine points of acceptable printing are too numerous, too complex, and perhaps too subtle to catalog here. But there are many ways in which a typographer can help the author. Again quoting Carl Hertzog.

Often a page will end with a period—a full line which is *not* the end of the paragraph. The reader could think this is the end of the thought. But there is more. To encourage the reader to turn the page, I will force that last line over to the next page, leaving the end of the page with an incomplete sentence rather than a period. Perhaps this confuses you, but what I am trying to say is that a typographer can do more than just make the type fit and look good, if he has the time, energy, and inclination to consider the text and its thought as well as the type itself.

Even after the type is mounted on the press, a conscientious printer stands over the machinery with a critical eye for variations in the inking.

The final test of design is whether the combination of type, paper, tone and texture, inking (even to the degree of blackness), arrangement of the page, and binding materials help to establish an appropriate mood in a natural and effortless way. A book with shortcomings—typographical errors, defective inking, and faulty binding—may still be preferred over one that is mechanically perfect, because something intangible in the flawed book testified that the designer “cared.” Long ago, Hertzog stated:

I have come to the conclusion that some people like my work because I had the right attitude. By getting close to the work, a book can be infused with an aura which attracts people who have no knowledge of the technical defects, but who are sensitive enough to feel the sincerity of purpose.

But make no mistake: Hertzog is painstaking. Many years ago he wrote the late Houston Harte, “I am still working on Michelangelo’s principle that trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.”

Hertzog left the printing business briefly late in 1926, but returned to it four years later. In 1934 he opened his own small printing shop, but it wasn’t until 1937, after he met author-artist Tom Lea, that he began planning and executing those handsome volumes for which he is so

ll known. The waning days of World War II brought forth a nning example of their teamwork. In retrospect Lea's account of *Peleliu Landing* was a benchmark in southwestern printing and publishing. Prior to its publication he wrote a friend in New York that "his direct and unpadded account of combat as I actually saw and felt together with the rough, first-hand sketches, will make it nothing e an authentic document of war." Indeed this was the most daring, citing and innovative volume produced in Texas to that time. It mains a monumental accomplishment. The book corresponds in size Lea's original sketch book and is printed in 18-point Centaur type a 100% rag paper. The words "Peleliu Landing" on the title page e set forth in bright red.

The endpapers were made from a photograph taken by the author om a foxhole in the battle. The text was printed letterpress, leaving aces for the drawings to be inserted by photo-offset in a second press n. According to Hertzog, further pains were taken: "I reset half the pe by hand to get better spacing, mortised letters [to make them fit ore closely], made plates over, etc. Then I stood over the pressman ad sweated blood." When the printing was completed the pages were ound in boards covered with Marine dungaree cloth, a perfect finishing touch that fitted the subject into its time and place.

Hertzog sent one of the books to Bruce Rogers, who had created the Centaur typeface in 1915. When he saw *Peleliu Landing* Rogers re-onded: "This use of my Centaur type is about the best I have seen." Hertzog was touched by his request for an additional copy at a dis-unt. "I do not have," wrote this great master of bookmaking and pe-designing, "a great deal of money for buying books these days." A year later Lea and Hertzog brought to fruition a project that had en eight years in the making. Many collectors would rank *Calendar Twelve Travelers Through the Pass of the North* as their favorite mong such collaborations. In 1938 the two men conceived the idea as means to acquaint El Pasoans with their community's colorful story in an easy-to-read picture book. To pay for Tom's groceries hile he worked on the project, Hertzog sold four of the drawings to e Hotel Paso del Norte for use as menu covers. Hertzog then bor-owed the cuts after they had been used, bought such type as he could ford, and worked out specimen pages. Press proofs were made and ound into dummies. Several wealthy citizens were approached, with-ut success, about sponsoring the project ("one couldn't read, and the her already had a book"). But the menus were so well received that e hotel ordered three more.

Then the war came and the idea was shelved, but the type was kept tact. Finally, in 1946, the president of Electric Company was so npressed with the value of the work as a community endeavor that he ntracted for the first 250 copies, which financed production of the ook.

Only enough type was available for the three sample pages. Rather than wait for more, Hertzog printed these pages, distributed the type and printed three more, until the book was completed. Author and printer worked together, changing words and eliminating phrases to make each page fit typographically. Since they had only T, F, and V in a large size for initials, each story was rewritten to start with one of those letters—except the last, for which an A was borrowed.

Here is an excellent example of ingenuity at work when the printer doesn't have everything he might like at his disposal. When the volume was completed Hertzog sent a copy to Dr. Pat I. Nixon of San Antonio. In it he noted: "Charlie Everitt [a legendary New York bookseller] says we will live to see it sell for \$100—probably kidding me. Regards Carl." Within the last year one copy sold for \$400 and another was listed for \$600.

It was about the time of his involvement with *Twelve Travelers*, one imagines, that Hertzog paid handsome tribute to Aldus Manutius. In small broadside format he printed Aldus's fifteenth century lament that heedless interruptions deprived him of the time necessary to do good work. Hertzog commissioned Jose Cisneros to create a fancy ornamental border, one that is evocative of the fifteenth century. Within that border he reprinted Aldus's message: "Whoever thou art: Thou art earnestly requested to state thy business briefly and to take thy departure promptly. In this way thou may be of service even as was Hercules to the weary Atlas, for this is a place of work for all who may enter."

In 1948 Hertzog began teaching a course in book design and typography at what is today The University of Texas at El Paso, and started building a college print shop which grew into the Texas Western Press. The first title from that press was *The Spanish Heritage of the Southwest*, an item which occupies a special niche in regional booklore. A basic Hertzog axiom states that both design and material are always at the service of the subject matter. Accordingly, the cover papers of the hardbound edition were obtained by making prints from an adobe brick, the Spanish-devised building material of the Southwest, which created a wonderfully suitable texture. When a piece of the adobe was broken off—revealing an unmistakable dollop of dried horse manure—Hertzog speculated that it was the first time in the history of bookmaking that the crap was found on the outside of the book.

In 1957 there came another great Lea-Hertzog venture—the dramatic history of *The King Ranch*. The project grew into a two volume, 838 page affair. The physical dimensions of the book itself, the 16-point Centaur type of the text, the ample page margins, and the expansive chapter head designs all suggest the vastness of the ranch.

Typesetting was inspected page by page to insure that poor spacing and bad breaks were avoided. On the proof of page 16, for example, Hertzog was bothered by the appearance of hyphens at the end of three successive lines. By shaving the letters to fit more closely together, he

ained enough space to avoid hyphenation and improve the sense  
eaks. The brands which appear as a margin decoration on each page  
re printed from brass rules bent into the "Running W." Like the  
ands on animals, they vary in size and shape. In a letter to Holland  
Combs, Hertzog stated:

I hesitate to say that the book was designed by me, because  
Tom's ideas are involved and we worked out the chapter titles  
together. This is an important unique fact. Seldom do the  
illustrator and typographer have a chance to work together in  
developing a design where the type and drawing are developed  
as a unit. Generally they don't even know each other (and the  
author would seldom get into the act). Our close cooperation  
was unique and paid off too.

The special edition was printed on an all-rag paper made especially  
for this book with the "Running W" brand in the watermark. It is  
bound in heavy crushed linen resembling the King Ranch saddle  
blanket with the "Running W" woven in.

This two-volume set has been kept in print from the time of its  
publication. The same is true of *Goodbye to a River* by John Graves.  
Designed by Hertzog and published by Knopf, the actual manufacture  
of the book took place at the Kingsport Press in Kingsport, Tennessee.  
The production requirements of the giant presses were such that this  
book had to be printed in exactly 320 pages. Hertzog spent days  
working these pages in order that the final brief chapter—the finale—  
would end the story precisely at page 301 (a right hand page). He then  
planned that the reverse of this page would be left blank so that a  
break would be provided before beginning the bibliography on page  
303. A triviality perhaps, but it emphasized the finale, separating it  
from the reading list which followed.

In 1967 Hertzog published a bibliography devoted to the work of J.  
Vetts Haley, well-known historian and critic-at-large. From a typog-  
rapher's viewpoint bibliographies are a headache. It's difficult to  
make them look good when the various elements are set in different  
type sizes. But Hertzog worried more about the binding, as he ex-  
plained in a letter to Haley.

Maybe it's old age or natural fear, but I have more and more  
trouble making decisions—and the production of a book re-  
quires dozens of decisions: size, style, quality, paper, cloth,  
arrangement, colors, etc.

And there are always conflicting thoughts to increase the  
difficulty because: cost, availability, time, personal preference,  
tradition, and other factors can sway one from side to side.

For example: when we came to the binding we considered a



dozen different colors and textures of cloth. Vivian suggested Blue because I had never used it before and 'True Blue' sounded appropriate. But—a dark blue looks like a text book; a bright blue looks extreme; a light blue suggests a boudoir—hardly appropriate for Haley. A pale, washed-out blue might suggest blue jeans and work, but it also looks 'beat up' and cheap.

As usual, I gravitated to the browns: bay horses, rocky hills, dried-up grass. Too drab. How about Hereford? But all the reddish samples of cloth were too red for a Haley connotation.

Then we started looking at Buckram—a little too heavy for a thin book, but it is tough, and the fibers are prominent. A new brand was not so heavy and offered some good colors. And the weave had character. The gray looked good and we could remember when Evetts wore a suit of this color, western style—and a good old cowhorse named Raton had dark streaks in his gray coat. Sold! Order the cloth.

Then came the doubts. Look at the samples all over again. The gray looks pale, lifeless. The next swatch is a similar color, but it does have an added touch of buff, adds a little life—suggests sand, and there is plenty of that in Haley's life. Quick, change the order.

Now comes the lettering on the cover. Gold is traditional elegant and proper. But this buff color does not offer a contrast and the lettering is not readable. Try black, too dead—try white, too feminine—all readable but not right.

Try red, excellent—pepped up the whole cover, and very readable. But my colleague, who knows Haley, laughed when he saw the left-wing red.

Stymied—no other red foil available. (We use foil for hot-stamping on cloth—can't mix up colors as in printing with ink). Now the red lettering is undoubtedly the best looking of all the trials on this sandy buckram. What next? The book-binder sticks his neck out for double work with a suggestion: stamp the lettering with black foil; then, while the die is still hot, overprint with the red foil. Eureka! It works. Now we have Hereford red.

With all this experimenting for color I had [looked too often] at the type. The orthodox position seemed to ruin the proportion. "Move it up" was the feeling I had. When moved up, the two lines looked too far apart. Also, the 'Y' in Haley, by its shape, made the second line look longer. Another trial was required: saw the die apart and move [the two lines] 116th of an inch [closer]. How about that?

When this adventure ended, Hertzog got busy on C. L. Sonnichs

ass of the North, a history of the El Paso area to which the author had devoted some twenty-five years of research and writing. Came the windy March day that Doc Sonnichsen drove to Hertzog's office, parked his car, and opened the door to get out. Under his left arm was a roll of galley proofs and in his right hand a stack of page proofs. As he reached the sidewalk, a lurking gust of wind lifted his hat. While grabbing for the hat, everything came loose and proofs were flying everywhere. Hertzog ran out to assist in the retrieval. In one steep and rocky arroyo nearly every greasewood and mesquite bush held its piece of El Paso history—literally.

Miraculously they recovered all but four proofs, the others having blown down across the Rio Grande, south of Hart's Mill. At that point Hertzog turned to Sonnichsen and said in that *basso profundo* drawl of his: "Leland, this book of yours is an instant success. It's not even published, and it already has international distribution."

Hopefully I have demonstrated by now that the Hertzog legend derives both from inspiration and hard work. Many years ago he touched on the subject in a note to J. Frank Dobie.

The difficulty in pricing a printing job into which some originality has been injected lies in the questionable cost of experimentation. After the job is finished it looks easy and you wonder why you made so many false starts, why the first ink didn't work like the third. You could set the type again in half the time you spent when it didn't fit. And we can't profit from experience because the next job begins another cycle of trial and error—we hope.

Whatever the outcome printers must live with their imperfections. I recall a pleasant November evening in 1971 when the Hertzogs, my wife and I were walking to a preview showing of Tom Lea's work at the El Paso Museum of Art. Carl remarked that artists, unlike printers, are fortunate in that their reputations are formulated on the basis of a selection from their best work. He was picking up on a theme once articulated by Bruce Rogers, who said:

The attainment of eminence in any of the arts or crafts is usually based on a selection from a man's work. Only his best pieces are shown to the public and on these his reputation is founded and maintained. For every good picture a painter puts into an exhibition, there are perhaps several that stand with their faces to the wall in his studio, or are stored in his lumber room.

The desk of a celebrated composer of music may be stuffed with scores that will never be heard in the concert room. A



potter's back-yard may contain a dump heap of broken pots that didn't come off.

But it is the disconcerting peculiarity of printing that most of it has to be done on order; and, whether or not it fulfills its designer's anticipations, it is almost at once scattered far and wide beyond recall. For the primary object in the invention of printing was duplication, multiplication; and by its very nature it usually best accomplishes its purposes when given the widest possible distribution.

Few are the printers who are able to suppress work that has not come up to expectations. It is true that editions of books *have* been cancelled or retrieved by their producers, but copies almost always turn up to confront and confound him at some later day; and, at most, such instances have been too few to do more than emphasize my point—which is that a printer's reputation must stand or fall by the existence of a body of work entirely out of his control or recall. There is no burning of bridges behind him.

But printers persevere. And thank God they do. Great ones, like Carl Hertzog, are pioneers in the finest sense. Last week Bill Wittliff, who at Encino Press has bestowed typographical distinction on most of its publications, expressed his own feeling about Carl's contribution. Wittliff observed that J. Frank Dobie was the first man of letters to plant his feet firmly on Texas soil and to declare it as legitimate place to write about and from as any on earth, so long as one was not provincial. In that same sense Hertzog was the first to establish Texas as a legitimate place from which to create quality books. Thus he made it valid for younger writers and printers to come, or to stay, and do likewise.

Wittliff recalled that during his boyhood he had an aunt who worked in the book department at Foley's. Periodically she would send the family titles that she felt they ought to have. One Christmas (probably 1951 or '52) the choice was *The Journey of Fray Marcos to Niza*, the first Hertzog item to place in the Fifty Books of the Year competition sponsored by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Young as he was, Wittliff remembers being astonished at the feel of the paper, the striking layout of the title page, and the rich, natural cloth binding. Here was something special, a book with an atmosphere matching the content.

Wittliff was seven years older when the two-volume *King Ranch* series appeared, old enough to recognize and appreciate that Hertzog was, in his own way, interpreting the subject matter through careful thought-out design, paper choice, typeface selection, and binding materials. The result was, in Wittliff's phrase, "a satisfying whole, every element fitting, complementing, building an atmosphere for the author's words." It was just the sort of thing that would inspire Wittliff

own career as a designer some half dozen years later. He is entirely correct in saying that typographically these books will never become dated; they are timeless. By turning out quality work consistently over the decades, Hertzog has made people conscious of the designer's contribution. It's increasingly rare to find an author who is disinterested in the appearance of his book.

William R. Holman, who is rapidly accumulating his own design awards, echoes Wittliff's appraisal of Hertzog. Here is a printer in America's outback without access to patronage (such as book clubs) who, on his own, has had the taste and desire to create books of major import. No one else in such circumstances has ever done so much. Holman does not remember his first encounter with Hertzog's work, but he does recall that in 1958 the San Antonio Public Library displayed highlights from the Robert B. Tobin collection. Two Hertzog books stood out in this gathering that included volumes from the Elmwood, Doves, Merrymount, Grabhorn and other fine presses.

There was *Peleliu Landing*, meeting all the standards that could possibly be set for a fine book—eloquent, well thought out, all the design elements coalescing without calling attention to themselves. And *The King Ranch* into which Carl and Tom had only recently poured such monumental effort. For the first time Holman realized the magnitude, the significance of Hertzog's achievement.

In all of these works Holman feels that Hertzog has demonstrated a patience with detail exceeding that of Daniel Berkeley Updike who was celebrated for that virtue. Moreover his wit, insight, sensitivity, and generosity have endeared him to his colleagues. He has never hesitated to share his enormous technical expertise with them.

To what Wittliff and Holman have said I would add that Carl is a scholar in the tradition of Aldus whom he so much admires. He is a man whose vision far exceeds his horizon and whose work will have an impact far beyond his time and place.

Happily the Fondren Library houses an excellent collection of Hertzog books and other printed material, most of it in the Harris Mastererson collection. Recently Carl said to me:

Some printers will drive themselves up the wall seeking the satisfaction of meeting their own impossibly high standards. Their fond hope is that they will strike a responsive chord in the heart of a few people who are perceptive enough to receive a very subtle form of communication. I have never met the Harris Mastersons in person. Patiently they have responded sympathetically to my message and I, on the other hand, am appreciative that they considered these books worthy of a place in their outstanding gathering of Texana.

During my active years as a printer the support of such people—often unknown to me—inspired me to work harder.

Now that I am largely retired from the daily rat race, I continue to learn of people who were quietly encouraging me all along, through their acquisition of my books. It makes me feel that the effort may have been worthwhile.

Well of course it was worthwhile. No one has stated the case for printing as a performing art more eloquently than Lawrence Clark Powell, the dean of American bookmen:

Fame does not depend upon the majority. Great art is transmitted by the few to the few in each generation who know the permanent from the temporary. This is not snobbism; this is the way life is. As for printing, all that most people ask is that it be legible. That printing can also be art does not interest them. And yet when printing is of such perfection as to be called art, then does it last as long as paper lasts.

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### In Memory . . .

It is my sad duty to report to the Friends that Dr. William S. Dix died in Princeton, N. J. on February 22, 1978.

Bill Dix, who retired in 1975 as Librarian of Princeton University will be fondly remembered as the Librarian of the Rice Institute from 1946 to 1953. He was Librarian when the Friends of Fondren Library group was formed.

Richard L. O'Keefe  
University Librarian

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*A Jefferson Davis letter written on December 10, 1846 to his wife, Varina, was purchased with memorial gift money donated for MRS. MARY S. SHAMBLIN.*

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In honor of his daughter, MISS BAHAREH AZIZI, Mr. Mohammad Reza Azizi donated *A CRITIQUE OF ECONOMIC THEORY, THE DESIGN OF RURAL DEVELOPMENT: LESSONS FROM AFRICA, IRAN ALMANAC 1974, IRAN ALMANAC 1968, THE KING'S VISTA, IRAN IN THE SERVICE OF WORLD PEACE and THE STRUCTURE OF SCIENTIFIC REVOLUTIONS.*

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In memory of MRS. EDNA RUTH BENTSEN, Leopold L. Meyer gave the book *THE LIVING HEART*, by Michael DeBakey and Antonio Gotto.

In honor of his sister, MRS. GEORGE S. COHEN, Leopold L. Meyer gave *PAGE ONE: MAJOR EVENTS 1920-1976 AS PRESENTED IN THE NEW YORK TIMES*.

Mrs. Charles Cobler gave *LONDON: A PICTURE BOOK TO REMEMBER HER BY*, as a memorial for R. COLLINS COUCH.

*I HEAR AMERICA TALKING*, by Stuart Berg Flexner, was given as a memorial to HERMAN E. DETERING, by Mrs. Charles Cobler.

In memory of MARY GALLOWAY, R. H. Perrine gave a book on Pioneer Women in Texas.

In loving memory of JOE KEEPER, Mrs. Rose Keeper, Zelda Keeper, Rick & Robert Rick, David & Seline Keeper and Sam & Cecile Keeper donated numerous Yiddish books.

As a memorial tribute to MRS. WHITFIELD H. MARSHALL, Mrs. Charles Cobler gave *GREAT HOUSES IN AMERICAN HISTORY*, by Andrew H. Hepburn.

In memory of MRS. VIOLET LIPPER MESINGER, Mrs. Charles Cobler gave *THE ART OF MAKING HOUSES LIVEABLE* by Peter and Susanne Stevenson.

*A HISTORY OF EUROPEAN PRINTING* by Colin Clair, was given in honor of MISS SARAH LANE by the Sarah Lane Literary Society.

As an expression of affection for MR. AND MRS. EDDY SCURLOCK, Leopold L. Meyer gave five volumes of World War II.

In honor of PROFESSOR J. D. THOMAS on the occasion of his retirement from The Department of English, Rice University, the Members of the English Department gave *MARK TWAIN'S NOTEBOOKS AND JOURNALS*, and *THE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN*.

The book, *THEORY AND PRACTICE OF EMULSION TECHNOLOGY*, was given as a memorial for PROFESSOR H. B. WEISER by Dr. John L. Moilliet.

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### Reminder . . .

Friends Of Fondren Library

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